

# Y O V R S E R V A N T S I R,

## O R

### Ralpho to Hudibras

#### Descanting on Wilds Poetry.

**L**oe, now comes he, that came not yet,  
Who cares not though his Master ferre;  
As Shoemaker so hath Translator,  
In stirrup Foot; so Imitator  
Of Hudibras is little Ralph,  
But servant hath more wit bir' half.  
This Doughty Knight by Puny Squire  
Out done is, as a simple Syre  
Is by his wiser Son surpassed,  
So much doth Ralph exceed this rash head,  
As doth the Quiristers Sol-fa-la-nsi,  
Old Hopkins Rhimes when sung by Calamy.  
Brave Squire against proud Knight doth vant,  
And proves as front a Combatant,  
With Oberon as was Pig-wiggin  
Whose head was arm'd with Achorn Piggin:  
Here may be seen, as in a Glass,  
The Mushrom wit of Hudibras,  
Who can't avoid in best of writing  
Such flinking flusse as that of sh-----  
The Squire hath got the quicker fight  
Mounted on back of Giant-Knight.

**H**Ah, are ye come? Welcome Sir Hudibras;  
For all you are my Master, y' are an Ass.  
*Pertinent Momes* fitch you make a blunder,  
Not in Wild Squibs, but Lightning joyned with Thunder,  
I question if you are as you pretend  
Unto the Bishop; and the Church, a friend,  
For by those words a man that hath no eyes,  
May plainly see you do Hyperboleze:  
A Bishop's calmly urgent, makes no stir,  
Nor Thumps the Cushion like a Presbyter,  
He spits no fire, nor Wildly throws about  
Hell and Damnation amongst the rout;  
Flint breaks on Pillows: Tis not Pulpit Thunder  
But mild perswasion melts mens hearts asunder.  
Sugar and Honey excelleth gall or Verjuice,  
A Barnabas wins more then Boanerges:  
Such fiery Zealots by their Frantick fits  
Drive others (like themselves) besides their wits.  
Youplay with th' Organs, and their virtue show,  
As if you thought there were no Devil below.  
After which your more sordid stile is held on,  
(Sans Reverence to the name of Paules or Sholdan)  
Gainst Calamy, by Metaphor defcrying  
Your malice to a man that lies a dying,  
To kick a worm what glory may be found?  
That's dead in Law, and prostrate on the ground,  
Is he a bird of prey? (buzzard or Kite)  
Muss had been better far then plainly sh-----  
See how the Term with his condition fures,  
Preachers when silenc't, what are they but Musses?  
Thus do I (like your self) quibble at quicquid  
In Bueham venis, or Mses or liquid:  
Not that I hate you, yet you must not think  
That Wits whole Mass is lodged in the chinck  
Of your own Scull, Sir, but that Ralph your man  
Hath somewhat likewise in the little pan

Of's Perioramus, is not such an Ass  
As still to be outvi'd by Hudibras.  
To wake the Bishops you do make a Roare,  
And tell them nought but what they knew before.  
How they should be a sleep I much do wonder,  
Since you compare them unto fire and Thunder,  
Though what you say of Calamy be true,  
Yet tis not meet to lance old foes a new,  
Towrite a crime thars past on th' Actor's Front,  
Whilst that Amnestia remains upon't.  
The King hath pardon'd such, then why should we  
Stir up again their stinking memory?  
But if they A& again those faults a new,  
Then Dhu and Devil (a Gods name) take your due.  
Now leave we Calamy, and come to trace  
Thee Hudibras throughout thy Wild-goose Chase,  
In other manner then doth *Trus de Caze*,  
Who least he should be thought for to transgres  
Ends (Post-afte-like) The King God bles----  
Whose sacred name should not be made a Ballad,  
For Bread and Butter, such mean fare's a Ballad.  
And here I must confess that Wild hath hit  
On sev'rai pritty passages of wit,  
Although your Knights-hip's pleas'd at's fines to flour,  
Saying his Verses (like him) have the Gout:  
The difference twixt you both is not a pin,  
Squibbing and Squirting (Sir) are neer a kin,  
Tis true, his rhimes too much abusive bee,  
But thine's the more Profaner Ribaldry;  
In down right words he Jerks at Calamy,  
Thou at the Prelates by an Irony:  
Two Cocks well matcht, for his Invention sprung  
From Tap and Spigot, chine flows from the bung.  
His Verse is vain enough, since wanton lines  
Become Knights Errant, rather then Divines.  
Being stareldly vext for that he cannot handle  
In Church a Texr, he dies like snuff of Candle;  
Much discontented since that none will mind him,  
And being dead, hath left a stink behind him.  
But Hudibras tis strange what shouldestee move  
To rake i'th Ashes of deceased Love;  
That son of Thunder by some men admir'd,  
Vollies whereof were heard when he expir'd.  
Thy Rav'nous Mus too, wanting better Care  
Must feed on Peters Quarters ore the Gates,  
Such Darts 'gainst their dead Carcasses being hurld,  
May chance to vex 'em in the other world;  
And cause their Ghoſts to haunt thee in the night,  
Enough to scare a poor Romantick Knight  
Out of his wits, if such a thing should be  
Thou wouldest be rob'd of all thy Poetry:  
And if thy thimling faculty once fail  
Thou'l shortly after die for want of Ale.  
Orif thou dost hold on to vex Wild thus,  
Thou'l make him furious as Archiloche,  
Whose keen Iambicks may thy credit blast,  
And force thee through a Rope to breath thy last.

**F I N I S.**